FEAR ITSELF™

THE WORTHY

THE SECRET ORIGINS OF THE HAMMER-WIELDERS REVEALED...

©2011 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved.

WWW.MARVEL.COM

FEAR ITSELF

THE WORTHY

Sin, the daughter of the Nazi super villain the Red Skull, has discovered an ancient Hammer of the Asgardian Gods--and used it to unleash the Serpent, a banished Asgardian deity, on Earth. The Serpent seeks vengeance on the Asgardian gods who banished him--and leads a march on Earth, baiting the Asgardians into battle. But the Serpent knows he he cannot conquer Earth on his own; he summons seven more Asgardian hammers from the heavens. Hammers that, when lifted, turn the heroes and villains who wield them into the Serpent's deadliest and most evil generals. They are The Worthy.

Jelena Djurdjevic
Cover Artist

Marko Djurdjevic and Stuart Immonen
Hammer-Wielder Art

Rachel Pinnelas and Tom Brennan
Editors

John Cerilli
VP Digital Content & Programming

Harry Go
Associate Producer

Tim Smith3
Digital Production Manager

Axel Alonso
Editor in Chief

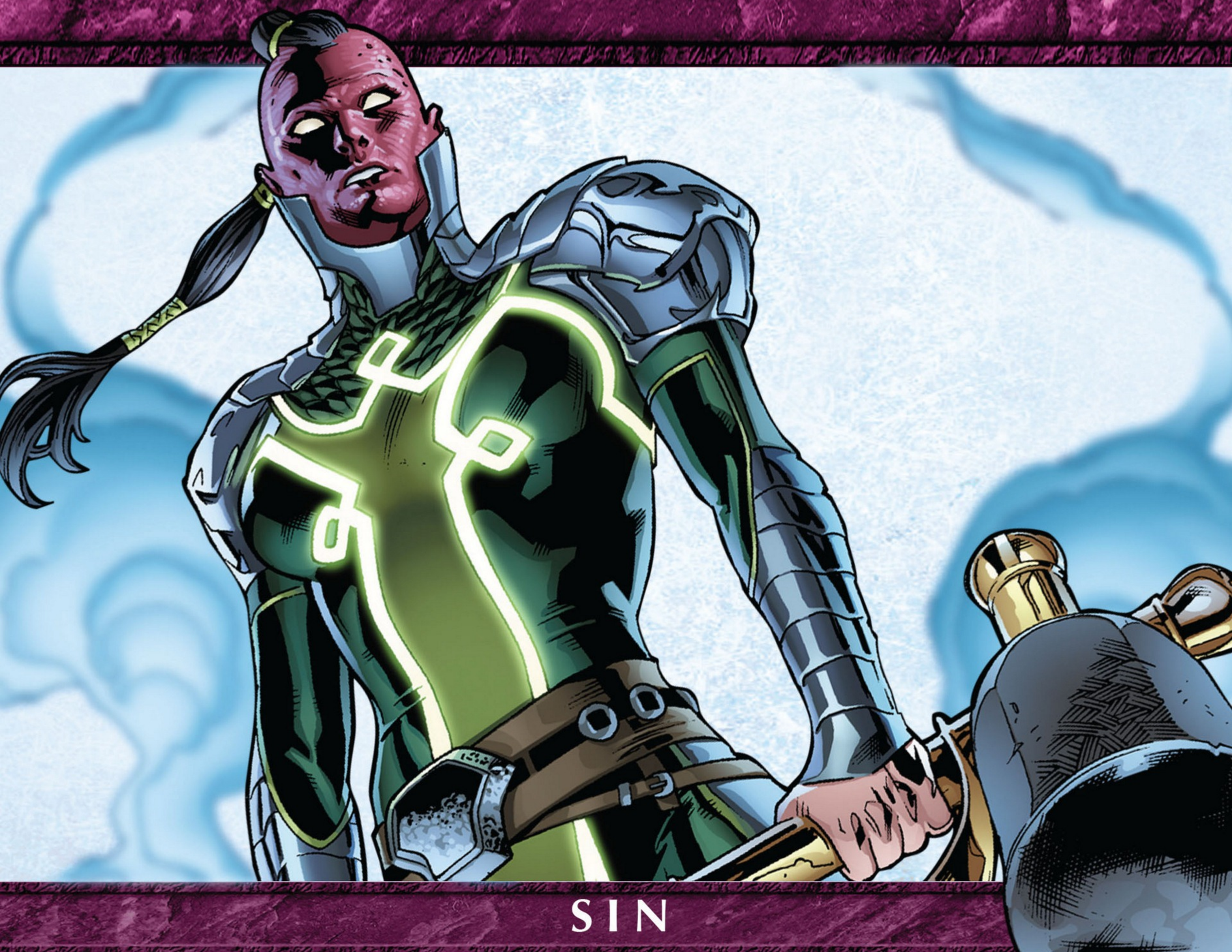
Joe Quesada
Chief Creative Officer

Dan Buckley
Publisher

Alan Fine
Executive Editor

© 2011 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved. All characters featured in this issue and the distinctive names and likenesses thereof, and all related indicia are trademarks of Marvel Characters, Inc. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental.

THE WORTHY



SIN

SKADI

FOR MOST MEN, THE BIRTH OF A CHILD IS CAUSE FOR CELEBRATION.

HERR SHMIDT... YOUR NEWBORN DAUGHTER.

"*DAUGHTER?*"

KILL IT.

NEVERMIND, I'LL DO IT MYSELF.

THE ***RED SKULL*** IS NOT MOST MEN.

HE'D WANTED A ***SON*** TO BE HEIR TO HIS LEGACY OF FEAR AND CONQUEST, STRETCHING FROM NAZI GERMANY TO THE PRESENT DAY. AND HE WOULD HAVE DEALT WITH ME THE WAY HE DID ***ALL*** INFERIOR BEINGS.

BUT HIS AIDE, ***SUSAN SCARBO***, CONVINCED HIM TO RECONSIDER. THAT ***ANY*** PRODUCT OF HIS BLOODLINE HAD THE POTENTIAL TO BE GREAT.

MY FATHER WAS IMPRESSED. MORE WITH HER PASSION THAN WITH ME. HE NAMED ME ***SYNTHIA***. HIS FIRST AND LAST PARENTAL ACT.

SUSAN RAISED ME. SAW TO IT I GREW STRONG. THAT I'D CRUSH ANYONE WEAKER THAN ME UNDER MY BOOT...AND THAT THAT WOULD BE ***EVERYONE***.

SHE WAS MY ***MOTHER*** NIGHT.

CAPTAIN AMERICA KILLED HER.

BUT I'M GETTING AHEAD OF MYSELF.

MOTHER NIGHT WORKED TIRELESSLY. SO DID I. I WAS PREPARED IN BOTH ***BODY*** AND ***MIND*** TO BE THE SUCCESSOR TO THE RED SKULL.

AT ONE POINT I WAS ARTIFICIALLY AGED. GIVEN ***POWERS***. MADE PART OF AN ELITE SQUAD CALLED THE ***SISTERS OF SIN***.

CAPTAIN AMERICA TOOK IT ALL AWAY. AS HE'D TAKEN ***EVERYTHING*** MY FATHER HAD BUILT, GOING BACK TO THE WAR.

HE TURNED ME OVER TO THE GOVERNMENT. AND THEY TRIED TO ***BRAINWASH*** ME. MAKE ME ***WEAK***. TAKE AWAY ANY MEMORY OF WHO I ***WAS***...WHO I WAS MEANT TO ***BE***.

FOR A WHILE, IT ***WORKED***.

WHILE I WAS A PRISONER, MOTHER NIGHT WAS ***KILLED***. BY ***JAMES BUCHANAN BARNES***, THE FORMER ***PARTNER*** OF CAPTAIN AMERICA.

ALL WHILE I SAT IN A ***"RE-EDUCATION"*** FACILITY, THINKING I WAS A WEAK LITTLE GIRL OBSESSED WITH ***POP STARS*** AND ***SHOES***.

BUT ***SOMEONE*** REMEMBERED WHO I WAS. ONE OF MY FATHER'S MOST TRUSTED MEN. BROCK RUMLOW. ***CROSSBONES***.

HE ***REMINDED*** ME OF MY ***BIRTHRIGHT***.

OF WHAT MY LIFE ***REALLY*** WAS.

BROCK WAS EXACTLY WHAT I NEEDED AT THE TIME. HE HELPED ME GROW. ENCOURAGING ME WHILE DEFERRING TO ME. *PREPARING* ME.

AND TOGETHER...

...WE DID *GREAT THINGS.*

FREE CAPTAIN AMERICA

ASSASSINATED STEVE ROGERS, THE ORIGINAL CAPTAIN AMERICA. IN FRONT OF THE *WHOLE WORLD.*

BUT ONCE AGAIN...AS ALWAYS...CAPTAIN AMERICA TOOK IT ALL AWAY.

ROGERS' *"DEATH"* WAS PART OF A PLAN TO OBTAIN HIS *BODY* FOR MY *FATHER.* WE PUT DADDY'S MIND INSIDE IT--THE PERFECT ARYAN VESSEL HE DESERVED.

BUT ROGERS FORCED HIM OUT, WITH THE HELP OF HIS PARTNER, JAMES BARNES...WHO HAD BECOME THE *NEW* CAPTAIN AMERICA.

JAMES BARNES...THE MAN WHO *KILLED MY MOTHER.*

TOGETHER THEY ALSO KILLED MY FATHER. THEY TOOK BROCK AND LOCKED HIM AWAY.

AND THEY TOOK MY *FACE.*

BUT THIS TIME, IN TAKING, THEY *GAVE* ME SOMETHING.

THE *GREATEST GIFT OF ALL.*

MY *BIRTHRIGHT*. AS THE *NEW RED SKULL*.

IN THE END, FATHER WAS TOO WEAK. MOTHER WAS TOO WEAK. SO THEY *DIED*, AS THE WEAK SHOULD.

THAT'S WHY THEY MADE *ME*. TO CARRY ON. TO BE *BETTER*.

AND I *WILL* BE. I'LL DO WHAT DADDY NEVER COULD.

THE WORTHY SIH

CHRISTOS GAGE
WRITER

ELIA BONETTI
ARTIST

MATT WILSON
COLORIST

VC'S JOE SABINO
LETTERER

AND I'LL *REWARD* CAPTAIN AMERICA...*BOTH* OF THEM...WITH THE SAME GIFT THEY GAVE ME.

BY TAKING AWAY EVERYTHING THEY HAVE IN THE WORLD.

THE END.

THE WORTHY

JUGGERNAUT

KUURTH: BREAKER OF STONE

I'M CAIN MARKO. THAT'S ME, THE BIG ONE, PLAYING TEAM BALL.

DON'T BLINK, THIS NEVER LASTS LONG.

THE THUNDERBOLTS ARE STORMING A TERRORIST BASE. LUKE CAGE WANTS ME TO BUST THROUGH THE FORTIFIED RAMPART.

NO PROBLEM.

THAT'S BEEN MY WHOLE LIFE.

RUNNING INTO WALLS.

WAS BUTTING HEADS WITH MY OLD MAN AS SOON AS I COULD TALK.

AND MY STEPBROTHER, EVEN BEFORE THE WORLD CALLED HIM *"PROFESSOR X."*

PEOPLE ALWAYS THINK I'M A MUTANT--LIKE HIM. BUT I NEVER WAS.

ALL THE POWER I GOT CAME FROM FINDING A RED CRYSTAL IN A CAVE. IT BECAME A PART OF ME AND CONNECTED ME TO SOMETHING...BIG.

SOMETHING CALLED *CYTTORAK* WANTED ME TO BE HIS THUG ON THIS PLANET.

EVERYBODY ARGUES WHAT IT IS--DEMON? ALIEN? A GOD?

I DON'T CARE. HE SENDS ME THE POWER TO BE UNSTOPPABLE.

AND I TAKE IT.

EVERYONE TRIES TO GET ME TO JOIN UP WITH THEM. I DO SOMETIMES, DON'T KNOW WHY.

FOR A WHILE EARLY ON, I RAN WITH THE BROTHERHOOD OF MUTANTS.

THEN AFTER ALL THE TIMES I FOUGHT THEM...

...I RAN WITH THE X-MEN.

I DIDN'T LAST WITH EITHER GROUP.

I NEVER DO.

MY POWER GOES UP AND DOWN DEPENDING ON HOW HAPPY MY SUPPLIER IS. A WHILE BACK I LET A FORCE CALLED THE UNI-POWER INTO ME...AND HE DIDN'T LIKE IT.

KNOCKED ME DOWN A FEW LEVELS TO THE POINT WHERE I COULD BE CAUGHT AND THROWN IN THE PRISON THEY CALL THE RAFT.

CAGE PULLED ME OUT, SAID I COULD RUN WITH HIS THUNDERBOLTS.

PAY SOCIETY BACK. REDEMPTION. WHATEVER.

WHATEVER GETS ME RUNNING AGAIN.

IT WON'T LAST, I KNOW THAT. I'M NOT A KID. A MUTANT.

A VILLAIN OR HERO. I'M NOT EVEN SURE I'M CAIN MARKO ANYMORE.

I KNOW WHO AND WHAT I AM AND I WILL ALWAYS BE.

I'M THE JUGGERNAUT!!!

JEFF PARKER	DECLAN SHALVEY	MATTHEW WILSON	VC'S JOE SABINO
WRITER	ARTIST	COLORIST	LETTERER

THE END.

THE WORTHY

TITANIA

SKIRN: BREAKER OF MEN

MY NAME IS TITANIA.

JEN VAN METER
WRITER

CLAYTON HENRY
ARTIST

FRANK MARTIN JR.
COLORIST

VC'S JOE SABINO
LETTERER

FARNUM OBSERVATIONAL FACILITY, UPSTATE NEW YORK

ACCORDING TO YOUR *CASE* FILE, YOU WERE BORN *MARY MACPHERRAN*--

YEAH, WELL, *THAT'S* NOT MY NAME *ANYMORE*.

I DON'T WANT TO *DO* THIS. I DON'T LIKE THE WAY YOU'RE *LOOKING* AT ME.

YOU'VE GOT THE WHOLE STORY IN THAT *FILE*, ANYWAY--

I *WANT* TO HEAR IT FROM *YOUR* PERSPECTIVE...

...AND YOU *DID* AGREE TO *PARTICIPATE* IN THIS STUDY AS A *CONDITION* OF YOUR MOST RECENT *PAROLE*.

DIDN'T *AGREE* TO YOU *LOOKING* AT ME LIKE THAT, MS. WOOSTER. *ALL* MY LIFE...

"...PEOPLE'VE BEEN *LOOKING* AT ME LIKE I DON'T EVEN *MATTER*..."

PUNY LITTLE THING. NOT MUCH *FIGHT* IN HER, NEITHER, FAR AS I CAN SEE.

LIFE'LL TOUGHEN HER UP...I S'POSE.

AW, DON'T BOTHER WITH *HER*, VANESSA! SHE CAN'T KEEP UP, ANYHOW!

MACPHERRAN? SHE'S BEEN *HOVERING* AROUND ME LIKE A *MOSQUITO* SINCE WE WERE *KIDS*.

WHY I CALL HER *SKEETER*.

MARSHA. SKEETER. CLEAN UP ON FOUR. AND STICK WITH YOUR *COMICS*--

--*MORE* LIKELY SOMETHIN'LL BITE YOU AND GIVE YOU *SUPER-POWERS* THAN *PROPOSE* TO EITHER OF YOU ANY TIME SOON. *HEH.*

"...LIKE I'M SOME KIND OF WORTHLESS *BUG*."

AND IS *THAT*--IS THAT WHY YOU *LIED?*

WHY YOU TOLD PEOPLE THAT *YOU* WERE ACTUALLY *SPIDER-WOMAN?*

DID *MARSHA* TELL YOU THAT WAS *ME?* STUPID *LIAR!*

WE WERE JUST HAVING SOME *FUN*-- *PRETENDING! SHE'S* THE ONE WHO TOLD HALF OF *DENVER!*

SO, DID YOU *SAY* ANYTHING-- *TELL* PEOPLE THERE'D BEEN A *MISTAKE?*

ARE YOU *KIDDING?* EVEN STUCK-UP VANESSA ASHCROFT WAS ALL 'OOH, MARY, *PLEASE* COME TO MY PARTY.' IT WAS *GREAT*...

"...WHILE IT *LASTED.*"

YOU'LL *PAY* FOR THIS, SKEETER MACPHERRAN! YOU *LYING* PIECE OF--

"I *USED* TO GET REALLY *MAD* ABOUT ALL THAT, BUT *NOW* I SEE THAT MARSHA, VANESSA, EVEN *SPIDER-WOMAN*...

"...THEY *ALL* HELPED TO PUT ME ON THE *PATH* TO MY *DESTINY.*

"THAT NIGHT, EVERYONE WAS *PANICKING.* IT WAS LIKE AN *EARTHQUAKE*, BUT AT *FIRST* THEY THOUGHT I HAD *MADE* IT HAPPEN SOMEHOW. THEY CHASED US INTO THE *WOODS*, AND *THEN*--"

THIS ALL *HAPPENED* THE SAME NIGHT A PIECE OF THE *EARTH* WAS DRAGGED OFF TO BE PART OF SOME KIND OF...*SPACE ARENA*, RIGHT?

IT WASN'T A *SPACE ARENA.* IT WAS A *BATTLE WORLD.*

AND IT WASN'T JUST *ANY* PIECE OF THE EARTH. IT WAS *MY* PIECE.

NONE OF IT WAS *COINCIDENCE*, DON'T YOU *GET* IT...?

COME, MARY MACPHERRAN, I NEED *YOU* AT MY SIDE IN THE GREAT *CONFLICT* THAT IS UPON US!

YOUR *FRIEND* MAY COME AS WELL, IF YOU *LIKE.*

"...*DOCTOR DOOM* WAS LOOKING FOR *ME.* HE *KNEW*...

"...HE KNEW *I* WAS SOMETHING *SPECIAL.*"

SUCH *WILL*, TO BEAR THE *TORMENT* OF THIS PROCESS WITH *GRACE!*

YOU WILL BE CALLED *TITANIA*, AS BEFITS YOUR *STRENGTH!*

"HE HAD *BIG* PLANS FOR ME, TOO. I'D BE A *CHAMPION*...

"...HOLDING MY *OWN* AGAINST THE TOUGHEST *EVER*--EVEN *GODS!*"

HOW DO YOU *FEEL* ABOUT THE *LOSSES?* BY EVERY ACCOUNT, YOU'VE FAIL--→*GULP*←

THOUGHT YOU WANTED *MY* PERSPECTIVE. WELL, *THIS* IS *IT*--

--*MY* FIGHT'S *COMING*--THE ONE I WAS *DESTINED* FOR.

AND IT'LL MAKE *EVERYONE* LOOK AT ME LIKE *YOU'RE* DOING *NOW*...

WITH *RESPECT.*

THE END.

THE WORTHY

GREY GARGOYLE

MOKK: BREAKER OF FAITH

THERE ARE TIMES I BELIEVE I SHOULD NEVER HAVE LEFT FRANCE.

THAT I SHOULD HAVE BEEN CONTENT TO EXIST HERE, THRIVING IN MY OWN LITTLE CORNER OF THE WORLD...

AS IT WAS DURING THOSE INITIAL DAYS AFTER MY TRANSFORMATION.

HAD I DONE THAT... WHO KNOWS? WHERE WOULD I BE NOW?

RUNNING MY OWN CRIMINAL EMPIRE, PERHAPS? WOULD I BE PARIS' HOOD?

BUT ALAS, I WAS NEVER THAT SMART.

NEVER SATISFIED. NEVER ABLE TO LEAVE WELL ENOUGH ALONE.

SHADES OF GRAY

FRANK TIERI
WRITER

ERIC CANETE
ARTIST

CHRIS CHUCKRY
COLORIST

VC'S JOE SABINO
LETTERER

IT'S BEEN THAT WAY MY ENTIRE LIFE.

EVER WOULD I BE SEDUCED BY THE LURE OF BIGGER AND BETTER.

AND NOTHING WAS BIGGER THAN THOR.

OH, WHAT BATTLE WE HAD IN THAT FIRST ENCOUNTER! HERE I WAS, GOING TOE-TO-TOE WITH AN ACTUAL, REAL-LIFE GOD...

AND COMING AS CLOSE TO DEFEATING HIM AS ANY MORTAL EVER HAS.

IN FACT, IT WAS NOT LONG AFTER THAT WHEN I WOULD TRULY CEMENT MYSELF AS A FORCE TO BE RECKONED WITH...

SUCCEEDING AS I DID IN TURNING THOR'S FELLOW AVENGER, IRON MAN, TO STONE.

AND SPEAKING OF THE AVENGERS, IT WOULD BE WITH THEM WHERE I WOULD ACHIEVE MY CROWNING MOMENT, WHEN I--JUST ME. NO MASTERS OF EVIL. NO BROTHERHOOD OF WHATEVER--

FOUGHT AN ***ENTIRE*** TEAM OF EARTH'S MIGHTIEST HEROES TO A STANDSTILL. AND DAREDEVIL.

HMN. THE AVENGERS.

AND DAREDEVIL.

HOW MANY OF MY KIND COULD SAY THAT?

IF ONLY IT WOULD LAST.

BUT MY CRIMINAL CAREER WOULD SOON SHATTER EASIER THAN THIS CUP DOES UPON THE FLOOR.

JOINING THE MASTERS OF EVIL ONLY TO BE BEATEN BY AVENGER SECOND-RATERS THE WASP AND THE BLACK KNIGHT...

HAVING MY ARM BROKEN AND BEING UTTERLY HUMILIATED AT THE HANDS OF THE HULK...

THE FIASCO THAT WAS MY INVOLVEMENT WITH THE LATEST INCARNATION OF THE LETHAL LEGION...

AND MY MOST RECENT INDIGNATION, COMING FULL CIRCLE, WITH THOR ONCE AGAIN THWARTING MY SEEMINGLY NEVER-ENDING QUEST FOR IMMORTALITY.

SO WHAT NOW? DO I CONTINUE TO EXIST AS A THIRD-RATE JOKE, NOT EVEN WORTHY OF THE AVENGERS' ATTENTION ANYMORE?

OR WILL I REGAIN THE VILLAINOUS GLORY I ONCE POSSESSED?

WHAT IS NOW TO BECOME OF THE GREY GARGOYLE?

EH?

WELL, WELL, WELL...

THE END.

THE WORTHY

NUL: BREAKER OF WORLDS

YEARS AGO.

THERE YOU ARE. *BANNER.*

WEAK. *SOFT.*

THE TROUBLE WITH YOU IS YOU'RE A *MILKSOP!* YOU'VE GOT NO *GUTS!*

YOU LET THE OLD MAN *SCREAM* AT YOU.

GOOD LUCK, DR. BANNER.

YOU LET THE PRETTY GIRL *WALK AWAY.*

AND YOU *HIDE* IN YOUR *WORK.*

AND WHAT KIND OF WORK IS *THAT?*

YOU'RE A *GENIUS.* YOU COULD DO *ANYTHING.*

BY DESIGN...

GREG **PAK** WRITER | LEE **WEEKS** ARTIST | FRANK **MARTIN JR.** COLORIST | VC'S JOE **SABINO** LETTERER

BUT YOU MAKE *BOMBS.*

DANGER: PERIMETER BREACH.

OH NO.

YOU! GET OUT OF THERE! YOU'RE IN A FORBIDDEN TEST AREA!

DON'T SEEM TO *GET IT*, DO YOU?

LOOK AT YOU. PLAYING THE *HERO.*

RISKING YOUR *LIFE* TO SAVE SOME STUPID *KID.*

BUT IF YOU'RE SO *SMART...*

...WHY DIDN'T YOU JUST STOP THE COUNTDOWN FROM THE *BUNKER?*

AND AS GAMMA RADIATION SEEPS INTO EVERY CELL IN YOUR BODY...

...YOU *SCREAM.*

FOR *HOURS.*

AND WHAT'S RUNNING THROUGH YOUR HEAD ALL THAT TIME?

SAME THING AS ALWAYS.

DADDY BEATING BRUCE.

MONSTER!

CRACK

DADDY KILLING MOMMY.

BRIAN... PLEASE...

...NO!

AND LITTLE BRUCE FINALLY *HITTING BACK...*

...AND KILLING *DADDY.*

AAAAAAAGH!

HOW... HOW DID I GET HERE?

MY NAME'S RICK JONES. I BROUGHT YOU.

YOU SAVED MY DUMB LIFE...I FIGURED IT WAS THE LEAST I COULD--

STUPID KID.

BUZZING AROUND LIKE AN *INSECT*...

...BUT YOU CAN'T SHUT HIM UP.

CAN'T *EVER* LET YOURSELF *GO*.

NNNGH...

WAIT-- YOU'RE--YOU'RE *CHANGING!*

CRACK

UNTIL *NOW*.

OF COURSE, YOU'LL *HATE* YOURSELF TOMORROW.

BUT YOU DON'T HAVE TO.

YOU CAN JUST HATE THE *HULK*.

THAT'S WHY YOU *MADE* ME, ISN'T IT?

THE END.

THE WORTHY

ATTUMA

NERKKOD: BREAKER OF OCEANS

DEEP WITHIN THE OCEAN, BEYOND THE OUTLYING BORDERS OF FABLED ATLANTIS, A BATTLE RAGES...

RORAK!

YOUR ARMY FALLS! YOUR FATE IS SEALED!

WHEN ATTUMA ATTACKS--

DEATH STRIKES SWIFTLY!

TOM DEFALCO WRITER | MARIO ALBERTI ARTIST | VC'S JOE SABINO LETTERER

DO YOU REMEMBER ME, O' MIGHTY ENSLAVER OF WOMEN AND CHILDREN?

AYE, ATTUMA! MY WITS ARE AS SHARP AS THE SWORD DESTINED TO FIND YOUR HEART.

WELL DO I RECALL THE PROMISED ONE.

THE CONQUEROR TO COME!

MANY A YEAR HAVE PASSED SINCE I FIRST SOUGHT YOU...

ACCORDING TO THE ANCIENT PROPHECIES, A WARRIOR WILL RISE FROM THE TRIBE OF *SKARKA*--

--AND TAKE THE KINGDOM OF *ATLANTIS* BY FORCE.

A TRUE WARRIOR MAKES HIS OWN FATE.

IF *ATLANTIS* MUST KNEEL, IT WILL BE TO *RORAK*!

"WE SOON PUT THE *WARRIORS* TO THE SWORD--

"--AND ENSLAVED ALL THE *WOMEN* AND *CHILDREN*.

"ALL SAVE *ONE*..."

NEVER HAVE I HEARD SUCH *FURY* FROM ONE SO SMALL. HE WAS BORN DURING THE BATTLE--

--BUT HIS *MOTHER* DID NOT SURVIVE.

WHAT IS *CLUTCHED* WITHIN HIS TINY FIST?

GREAT NEPTUNE! 'TIS A CLOT OF *BLOOD*--

--STOLEN FROM HIS MOTHER'S HEART!

"A WISER WARRIOR WOULD HAVE HONORED SUCH AN ILL OMEN--

"--AND IMMEDIATELY *SLIT* YOUR THROAT.

"INSTEAD, I KEPT A WARY EYE, WATCHING AS YOU GREW WITHIN THE ANCIENT ***MINES***.

"WHILE OTHERS ***WITHERED*** AND ***PERISHED*** UNDER THE SLAVER'S YOKE, YOU SEEMED TO ***THRIVE***.

"THE ***SEA GODS*** SMILED UPON YOU OVER THE YEARS, INCREASING YOUR ***STRENGTH, CUNNING*** AND ***RUTHLESSNESS***--

"--UNTIL YOU LED A ***SLAVE REVOLT*** AND FLED INTO THE ***MURKY DEPTHS!***

"WITH YOUR ***SKARKA*** BRETHREN, YOU EVENTUALLY RAISED AN ***ARMY*** THAT NUMBERED IN THE ***THOUSANDS***--

"--AND UNLEASHED A TIDAL WAVE OF ***BLOOD*** AND ***MISERY!***

"TIME AND AGAIN, YOU SOUGHT TO PROVE THE ***PROPHECIES*** AND SEIZE THE THRONE OF ***ATLANTIS***.

"IT IS SAID THAT YOUR STRENGTH AND POWER CAN ONLY BE RIVALED BY ***PRINCE NAMOR, THE SUB-MARINER***--

"--BUT YOUR ***SAVAGERY*** KNOWS NO PEER!

"SO GREAT IS YOUR AMBITION THAT YOU HAVE EVEN ATTEMPTED TO CONQUER THE *SURFACE WORLD*--

"--BUT HAVE BEEN REPEATEDLY DRIVEN BACK BY ITS *MIGHTIEST HEROES!*"

MARIO ALBERTI 2.11

ALL YOU SAY IS *TRUE*, RORAK--

--BUT *NEVER* HAVE I FORGOTTEN YOU!

I KNOW MY LIFE IS *FORFEIT*--

--BUT I BEG YOU TO SHOW MY PEOPLE MERCY.

THE SAME MERCY I ONCE GRANTED YOURS.

MERCY?

MERCY IS FOR *FOOLS* AND *COWARDS!*

NEVER AGAIN SHALL *ATTUMA* SUFFER HIS ENEMIES TO LIVE!

SPLTCH

THE END.

THE WORTHY

ABSORBING MAN

GREITHOTH: BREAKER OF WILLS

THE MUD OF MIDGARD...

TOM PEYER WRITER | SERGIO CARIELLO ARTIST | CHRIS SOTOMAYOR COLORIST | VC'S JOE SABINO LETTERER

WHAT SHAME...

...THAT LOKI, PRINCE OF ASGARD, MUST MOLDER IN DISHONOR...

...WHILST BRUTISH "BROTHER" THOR LAPS UP THE SICKLY REVERENCE OF GODS AND MEN THAT IS MY BIRTHRIGHT.

HAD I BEEN SHAPED FROM HIS UNEXCEPTIONAL CLAY, THE MOBS WOULD HAIL ME...

...BUT NO. WHO WILL SOIL HIS HANDS TO AID HIS BETTER, THE CUNNING GOD OF MISCHIEF?

MUST I FIGHT ALONE AND DIE IN ISOLATION?

OR BEATS THERE A HEART AS WRETCHED AS MINE--

--DOWN IN THE MUD OF MIDGARD?

AYE. CARL CREEL.

MISTREATED BY HIS FATHER (AS I AM BY ODIN)...

PRECOCIOUS IN THE ARTS OF CRUELTY (AS I E'ER WAS)...

DUBBED "CRUSHER," HE DOTH GROW INTO THE COMBAT ARENA, THERE TO MURDER (AS I SO YEARN TO DO).

FOR THIS SIN, HE IS CAST OUT (AS I HAVE BEEN), HIS EVERY RIGHT STOLEN (AS MINE HAVE BEEN).

CRUSHER CREEL. THOU HAST SUFFERED *ENOW*.

TAKE THESE DROPS OF *ENCHANTMENT*...

...AND DRINK YE *DEEP*.

I'M GETTIN' *OUTTA* HERE!

NO JAIL CAN HOLD ME *NOW!* I DON'T KNOW HOW IT *HAPPENED*--AND I DON'T *CARE!*

I AIN'T JUST *CRUSHER CREEL* NO MORE--

--I'M THE ABSORBING MAN-- THE BADDEST, MOST DANGEROUS GUY IN THE WORLD!

I CAN ABSORB ANY SUBSTANCE, ANY POWER, ANYTHING--

-- EVEN YOUR POWER, THOR! THE STRONGER YOU ARE, THE SOONER YA DIE!

AYE, THOU SHALT BRING WAR TO MY "BROTHER," AND TO MANY FOES IN EPICS YET UNDREAMT--

--BUT 'TIS THY BIRTH THE CHOIRS SHALL SING, WHEN THY WORLD FIRST GLIMPSED A DREAM OF MAYHEM--

--FROM THE INFINITE GENIUS OF LOKI!

¡SOTO!

THE END.

THE WORTHY

THE THING

ANGRIR: BREAKER OF SOULS

THE BAXTER BUILDING.
BEN GRIMM AND SUSAN RICHARDS.

I DUNNO, SUZIE, IT'S A BAD ONE...

MEBBE I SHOULDN'T TELL IT.

IT CAN'T BE *WORSE* THAN THE NIGHTMARES *I'VE* BEEN HAVING, BEN, SINCE...SINCE...

...

YOU WERE SAYING IT STARTS IN SPACE?

"YEAH, THAT'S RIGHT. WE'RE IN REED'S SHIP, THE FOUR OF US, AND ALL I CAN HEAR *IS THAT SOUND...*"

RAK TAC TAC TAC!

HEAR *THAT?* IT'S THE *COSMIC RAYS!* I *WARNED* YOU ABOUT 'EM, REED! I *WARNED* YOU!

YOU DID.

YOU *TRIED* TO STOP US, BUT I...

STUPIDLY, I...

I NEVER THOUGHT THAT *YOU* WOULD BE A COWARD, BEN GRIMM!

WE'VE *GOT* TO TAKE THIS CHANCE!

THE MONSTER INSIDE ME

ROBERTO AGUIRRE-SACASA
WRITER

JAVIER PULIDO
ARTIST

MUNTSA VICENTE
COLORIST

VC'S JOE SABINO
LETTERER

I'M SORRY FOR THAT, BEN.

STUPID OF ME TO SAY. I DIDN'T EVEN MEAN--

'COURSE YOU DIDN'T, SUZIE.

I KNOW YOU WEREN'T *TRYIN'* TO BE CRUEL...

"*ANYWAY*, THE NEXT THING I REMEMBER IN THE DREAM...

"IT WAS JUST LIKE HOW IT HAPPENED TO US. WE CRASHED, IN THE WOODS, AND YOU AND REED AND JOHNNY WERE STAGGERING AROUND, HELPIN' EACH OTHER...

I-I'M JUST GRATEFUL WE'RE *ALIVE!* SOMETHING *HORRIBLE* COULD'VE HAPPENED TO US!

"WHICH IS RIGHT ABOUT WHEN *YOU* START SCREAMING...

EEEEAAAGH!

"BECAUSE *YOU'RE* ALL NORMAL AND FINE, AND I'M THIS...

"...WELL, YOU SAID IT, *THING*...

"AND I COULDN'T STOP THINKING: I *TRIED* WARNING REED...AND YOU, *YOU* TOOK HIS SIDE, LIKE ALWAYS..."

AND IN THAT MOMENT, IN THE WOODS, *I WANTED*...

I COULDN'T HELP MYSELF...

BUT I WANTED TO *HURT* YOU, SUE. ALL OF YOU...

"IN REAL LIFE, YOU THREE HAD NEW POWERS FROM THE COSMIC RAYS, LIKE ME...

"YOU *COULD* FIGHT BACK...

"BUT IN THIS DREAM, YOU WERE JUST NORMAL PEOPLE...

"AND I...I SMASHED YOU TO PIECES...

"AFTERWARDS, SUE, MY HANDS...

"MY HANDS WERE..."

IT'S...JUST A NIGHTMARE, BEN...WE'VE *ALL* BEEN HAVING TROUBLE SLEEPING SINCE JOHNNY DIED.

IT'S *NATURAL*.

NORMAL, IN SOME HORRIBLE KIND OF WAY...

I KNOW, SUSIE, BUT THE THING IS...

THIS NIGHTMARE?

IT'S THE FIRST TIME I'VE HAD IT IN AWHILE, BUT... I *HAVE* HAD IT BEFORE...I USED TO HAVE IT A LOT, I THINK...

BEN...

WHICH SCARES ME, SUE, 'CAUSE THAT MEANS...

DOESN'T IT MEAN THAT THAT'S *IN* ME, SOMEWHERE?

THAT POTENTIAL TO...TO HURT YOU?

WAITING TA COME OUT?

THE END.

COMING IN

FEAR ITSELF

BOOK FIVE: BRAWL!

AUGUST 2011